1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

favorable to me. Give me life. Let me be a runner; a shaman; a singer; a hunter."

All those who had their prayer sticks threw them into the sea. If, for some reason, a man was not acceptable to the supernatural, the waves would return the prayer stick. The most usual reasons for rejection were failure in sexual continence during the preparations for the journey or the fact that a man's wife might be menstruating. However, "the sea cleans the sticks." If a man persevered and threw in his offering four times, it would be accepted.

Sometimes a man himself was taken by the sea and engulfed like the prayer sticks. Speech No. 8 speaks of such an experience. No one attempted to rescue the drowning man, for he was being summoned by the supernatural. He might reappear after many years as a powerful shaman, or he might be turned into a bird or a fish.

Any object which a man saw while in the sea was a special gift to him from the supernatural. If he noticed a strand of seaweed, a shell, or a pebble, he sprinkled corn meal on the object, then took it home as a token, very powerful in cleansing salt pilgrims. A kind of seaweed known as "ocean foam" was particularly desired. Sometimes a man took hold of something which, when he found it in his hand, lost its beauty, and in that case he must put it back exactly where he found it, again sprinkling corn meal (5).

After their entry into the sea, the neophytes ran on the beach: a strenuous test of their powers. There was a headland some twenty miles from the salt bed, according to informants, and the men ran to this and back, not stopping except on the headland itself. Some men are reported to have perished from cold and exhaustion during this run, but all trained for it during their whole boyhood, for it was here that a magic experience was expected.

Everything that a man saw while running was an omen for his future career. One informant saw a flock of white cranes, which seemed to him to be men running. He followed them and was able to keep pace, and from this he knew that he would be a great runner. One saw the white cranes playing with a kickball, and knew that he would excel in this sport. One, exhausted from running,

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

In spite of their freedom as children, young people were expected, 882
as they grew up, to be extremely modest and retiring. Girls, after the age of ten, hardly spoke to a man unless he were a relative and then only to offer him food. If a stranger approached the house, they ran out and hid. Since the women did most of their work in large groups, a girl was always completely surrounded and protected.

Boys also were expected to be retiring. As has been mentioned, they did not speak in the meeting until they were mature men: their part was to do the work in silence. No young man ever interrupted an elder. The following typical conversation took place with a young interpreter who had been asked to question an old informant: "Did you ask him (the informant) thus and so?" "I tried to, but he wanted to talk about something else." In such a situation the young man, though paid to ask questions, was powerless.

The writer has several times been told by Papagos, apropos of working for the Whites: "But our young men cannot go out and approach people as yours do. They are taught to be bashful."

Young people were ceaselessly trained in the moral code (see p. 80), 867
whose principal tenets were industry, fortitude and swiftness of foot. 577
Industry was a woman's virtue, without which no girl could hope to be kept as a wife. Fortitude was a virtue of both sexes and Papago life, which was so frequently on the verge of starvation, brought it to the foreground. The augury on all auspicious occasions was: "You will be hunger-enduring, thirst-enduring, cold-enduring." A man undergoing purification for any reason, voluntarily endured these three hardships and boys were urged to practise them regularly on the Spartan principle that one who was slightly hungry and thirsty all the time would not feel the privation in a crisis. There seems no doubt that the Papago were brave in battle, but aggressive courage is never praised in their poetry. All the emotion is called forth on the theme of enduring hardship.

Speed in running might almost be called the root of all virtue. 868
The life of these nomads in flat, open desert country was based 481 ●
on covering long distances. Women were taught to run with the carrying basket, men ran on the hunt and on the warpath. A young man who could not run was nearly useless. Therefore, running came to mean in Papago parlance the mark of an admirable man and the thing which drew to him the attention of the supernaturals. The following admonition by a father to his sons is on this theme:

"Listen well to this talk. To all of it listen! Look well at my mouth. Keep looking and you will learn. Thus I say to you, that this night, while darkness covers us, you are not to sleep early in the evening. You are to listen to me.

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868 481 Perhaps some time in the night, something will arrive. Then if you are a good runner, you will jump up, you will run (after it). Early in the morning you will get up. Far over there (down to the west) you will sit and will listen for something. You will run over there and something which is good-luck-bringing will meet you: a coyote, an eagle, a hawk. Then you will be a fast runner. You will be a good hunter.

You should run constantly, no matter how much hardship it means; even if you are thirsty, hungry, tired. Then truly this will happen to you. You will throw yourself down repeatedly (worn out). Then there will come a hawk, an eagle, a mountain lion, a jaguar, a bear, and will tell you how to follow something alive (game) and to kill it.

Then when you come back after much running, they will put before you the clay dish. Then you will merely sit and look at it. Even perchance it will speak thus to you, "Go to! Eat me!" Do not eat it until a scum has formed on it. If you eat it before a scum has formed, you will have wrinkles. If you eat but a little, you will be a lean man. You will be light. You will be a fast runner. If you eat much, you will be fat. You will be much wrinkled; you will not be a runner." (1)

[171] This short sermon, delivered by a parent, was a regular pattern with the Papagos and recalls the admonitions delivered by the Aztecs to their children, as reported in Sahagun.[1]

867 There was no rigid form of words for such talks but, as in the speech at the men's meeting, the moral code must be gone over and over until, in modern phraseology, the youth's reactions were fully conditioned. The father was generally the speaker, though the mother might take her turn, especially with the girls. The time chosen was when the family were all lying in the dark on their sleeping mats, sometimes at night, more often in the hour before dawn. There was a special method of speaking: a low, insistent monotone. As one informant said, "You thought you were still asleep. You thought you were hearing that voice in your dreams" (26). As the writer has heard these speeches recited, they have an effect which is almost hypnotic.

"Open your ears, for I am telling you a good thing. Wake and listen. Open your ears. Let my words enter them. Wake up and listen.

You boys, you should go out and run. So you will be swift in time of war. You girls, you should grind the corn. So you will feed the men that they may fight the enemy. You should practise running. So in time of war you may save your lives. Wake up. Do not be idle." (26)

[1] Sahagun, F p. 384—390.

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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Then the girls put the nets on their backs and if one was married and had a baby, she put that on top in its cradle board. Some men went with them with their war arrows because there were Apaches in the land then. They all went running, running. If they saw dust in the distance that they thought was Apaches, they went dodging behind the giant cactus. You see, women had to run in those days. That was what saved their lives. Many hours they had to run, and when they came back every family had two little jars of water to last for the day. But we did not mind. We knew how to use water. We have a word that means thirst-enduring and that is what we were taught to be. Why, our men, when they went off hunting, never drank at all. They thought it was womanish to carry water with them.

My brothers went running off, too. Ah, how we could run, we Desert People; all the morning until the sun was high, without once stopping! My brothers took their bows and arrows and went far off over the flat land.

"Run," my father said to them. "Run until you are exhausted. So you will be a strong man. If you fall down tired, far out in the waste land, perhaps a vision will come to you. Perhaps a hawk will visit you and teach you to be swift. Perhaps you will get a piece of the rainbow to carry on your shoulder so that no one can get near to you, any more than to the rainbow itself. Or maybe Coyote himself will sing you a song that has magic in it."

So they went off in their breechclouts and bare feet, running in the dark when they could hardly see the cactus joints on the ground and the horned toads—rattlesnakes there were not in that cool weather. One of my brothers did really have visions. The others used to come back without him, bringing jackrabbits for our dinner. The little boy would come in much later and never tell where he had been. But we found out long, long after, when he became a medicine man, that he had been lying dead out on the desert all those hours and that Coyote had come and talked to him.

When they were gone my mother would come crawling out. She went to the little enclosure beside our house, made of greasewood bushes piled up in a circle and she got the pot of gruel. We always kept gruel in our house. It was in a big clay pot that my mother had made. She ground up seeds into flour. Not wheat flour—we had no wheat. But all the wild seeds, the good pigweed and the wild grasses. And corn, too! Some summers we could grow corn. All those things my mother kept in beautiful jars in our storehouse. Every day she ground some more and added fresh flour to the gruel and some boiling water. That pot stood always ready so that whoever came in from running could have some. Oh, good that gruel was! I have

17:Castetter & Underhill N,E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
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When the Jesuits left the country most of these animals went wild, as did those of mining towns and ranches deserted through fear of the Apaches. Thus the "Pimas" early had an opportunity to secure and train horses for themselves, and this was beginning even in Kino's own time. "A few (cattle from frontier posts) remained and went wild. The mares produced colts and these the Pimas caught and raised" (18, p. 246).

The nomadic desert people seem to have had little share in this early horse era. In tales told of the grandfathers of old informants, men were still going about the country by running thirty to fifty miles a day and war parties were conducted on foot, "because the Apaches got horses before we did." As the Apaches were gradually subdued by the Federal Government communication grew easier and horse owning spread. On the last war parties in which fathers of informants took part, horses were the rule. At present scarcely any man is without a horse and many families have a wagon and team. In 1931 there were 10,700 horses to 2,679 men (21).

Cattle were taken up much less easily. The wild ones were killed for their meat, and especially their hide which has been the material for Papago shields and sandals for two hundred years. The Federal Government has made a policy of giving the Papagos cattle on credit, and in 1931 there were 22,930 head of grade cattle to a population of 5,228 (21). Thus riding the range has succeeded hunting as the occupation of the average young man.